

THE FAIRER SEX

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INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Packed to the rafters with RAUCOUS MEN, their eyes fixated on their hero, the misogynist-du-jour, GUY WOELFFER. Although there's not a drink in sight, the atmosphere is one of a raunchy fraternity party tapping its ninth keg. However, it's not liquor everyone's drunk on, it's Guy, whose trademark bawdy, brash, and unrepentant style has the room energized.

In his early thirties, a casually but powerfully dressed Guy commands the stage. An eight-foot-tall poster containing a life-size portrait of Guy dominates the right side of the stage. A just as large cover of his latest book, *The Man-ual: Unleashing the Sexual Wolf in You*, commands the left.

GUY

"To love woman is to hate life,"  
Friedrich Nietzsche once said. And,  
you know what, he was right. But  
luckily for us, we don't want to  
love with them, we just want to  
screw 'em?

The Crowd ROARS approval.

GUY

Love, my friends, is a deception  
created by those who have an  
agenda; a religious agenda; a  
social agenda; a female agenda.  
Love is a fairy tale. One of the  
biggest scams ever pulled on man-  
kind.

In the back of the auditorium, there's something suspicious about the mustachioed and baseball-capped person on the edge of the last row. A closer inspection reveals hairless cheeks, no Adam's apple, as well as a chest that seems oddly full. This is DANI FARLEIGH, a thirty-something woman in disguise. Her eyes survey the stage and the audience, documenting all.

GUY (O.S.)

And, you know what, Nietzsche was  
right. Women are cunning,  
conniving, crafty, scheming, wily,  
devious and deceitful creatures --  
and that's just with each other.

The Crowd LAUGHS, more from the buzzing energy in the room than any inherent humor in Guy's statement.

Dani tries to mimic the fawning adoration that fills the faces of the MEN around her, but her heart just isn't in it. She smiles disingenuously while scribbling notes in her book.

GUY

And they are competitive beyond belief. You know, when a man walks into a bar, he checks out all the women in the bar to see what's available, but when a woman walks into a bar, she checks out the other women in there to see what her competition is.

The Crowd laughs. Guy pauses for a moment, waiting for the excitement to die down. He's an actor, working the room, milking it for every ounce of dramatic tension he can. When the room settles down a bit and all eyes fix on him, he continues:

GUY

They're called the fairer sex, but there's nothing fair about the way they play the game of seduction. They're playing fourth dimension chess while we're playing tidily winks with our four-inch dicks. Well, at least you are with your four-inch dicks. Mine's...

The Crowd erupts in laughter, adding some WHOOPING and HOLLERING that echo through the rafters.

GUY

Now, I want you to do an exercise for me. Turn to your left and look at the person sitting next to you.

The Audience Members comply, eyeing their NEIGHBORS.

GUY

Go ahead. Don't be shy.

The Man beside Dani -- Audience Member One -- glances at her. After a few moments, he notices something suspicious about the few unruly strands of hair dangling from her cap.

Spotting the unwanted interest, Dani pulls her baseball cap further down her head while scrunching down in her seat, trying to avoid the inquisitive gaze. However, her behavior just intrigues him more.

GUY

That's who you're competing against -- Mr. Average Joe -- someone who could care less about every other man in the bar and everything about the women there.

On stage, Guy points at JIM SUGERMAN sitting in the front row.

Jim is a thirty-something man, with standard American features but with a graceful face. His skinny arms poke out of a faded Polo rugby shirt that is years out-of-style.

GUY

Tell me, how would you pick-up a hot chick?

The question seems to embarrass Jim, but he musters up the courage to venture a guess:

JIM

Give her a clever pick-up line?

GUY

Trust me, if she's hot, she's heard every line in the book.

Guy points at another person in the audience, Audience Member Two.

AUDIENCE MEMBER TWO

Buy her flowers.

GUY

Don't waste your money.

Guy points at someone in the first row, Audience Member Three.

AUDIENCE MEMBER THREE

Compliment her?

GUY

Now you're one of fifteen guys who told her how hot she looked today. Well done, way to stand out from the crowd, loser.

Audience Member Four tosses out:

AUDIENCE MEMBER FOUR

Buy her a drink?

GUY

Every other loser in the bar offers to buy her a drink. The Wolf makes her buy him a drink. And she loves him for it.

Guy stops and looks out at the audience; arms open to them in a gesture of warm receptivity.

GUY

What you've stated is what you've been led to believe by your mothers, your sisters, your grandmothers, and every other woman in your life. Treat a woman nicely, take her to dinner, buy her flowers, compliment her, and then you'll win her heart and maybe, just maybe, she'll let you take off her panties. But, ironically, that's not even what she really wants.

Audience Member One fakes a stretch and knocks the hat off Dani's head. Her long and lustrous black tresses cascade down her neck and face, revealing the woman in all her feminine -- and quite beautiful -- glory. Her bewitching beauty might not have launched a thousand ships, but it could certainly have sent a flotilla of hundreds on their merry way.

Shocked, Dani jumps to her feet. But her surprise is nothing compared to her neighbor's astonishment. Audience Member One points at Dani as if she were some odd, unknown creature he'd never seen before.

AUDIENCE MEMBER ONE

Jesus! It is a bitch!

Dani is at first taken aback by the slur, but when every Man in the room turns around and GLARES AT HER WITH MURDEROUS INTENT, she darts for the back door, pulling up her hoodie to cover her face.

The Crowd GOES WILD, WHOOPING, HOLLERING, and CATCALLING like drunken frat boys on a wild night at a strip joint.

On stage, Guy looks up, just catching sight of Dani's departing figure. He smirks while shaking his head.

GUY

See. I warned you they were deceitful creatures. For God's sake, there was one hiding amongst us.

On stage, Guy laughs heartily as the Crowd ROARS approval.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Dani races out the door. She glances back a few times to see if anyone is following her. No one is. She soon reaches her car -- a new, red and sparkling clean BMW 6 series -- parked across from the auditorium. She climbs in and STARTS the engine. She SCREECHES away, pounding her fist on the steering wheel in frustration.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHASERS BAR - NIGHT

A trendy bar in the hip Montana Avenue section of Santa Monica, packed with an upscale CROWD of young professionals. Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* plays on several large TVs throughout the place.

Exotic CHILL OUT music PLAYS in the background.

Beaming brightly, Guy makes his way through the room, with Jim at his side. Guy is the man of the hour; several MEN slap him on the back while the WOMEN give him warm hugs and gazing eyes of interest. He returns the greetings with a sincere smile and comradely handshakes. This is his bar, his territory, and he lauds over it like a dominating lion.

After making their way across the room, Guy and Jim settle into a corner booth. Jim pulls out his tape recorder and places it on the table before him.

JIM

Mind if I record us?

GUY

No, go right ahead.

Jim turns the recorder on as well as takes out a book.

JIM

First of all, how does your methodology stack up against the other practitioners of the pickup artist community?

GUY

I don't believe in "language patterns," "fantasy circuits" or "sexual metaphors" --

JIM

(cutting in)

You mean you don't believe in the methods of the other pickup gurus?

GUY

I believe in some of them, but trying to get a woman into bed by lacing your conversation with words that subconsciously trigger actions on her part seems a bit far-fetched to me. The mind is the most complicated thing ever created, by far, and its actions don't always make a lot of sense.

JIM

Agreed.

GUY

But I do believe in capturing a woman's imagination and then manipulating her emotions to my advantage.

JIM

How?

GUY

My techniques, which come from what I've witnessed here in my bar, can help men tap into the flirting plan that is hard-wired into a woman's brain. Have you heard of Professor Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt?

Jim shakes his head.

GUY

He's a rather obscure professor. But in his book *Human Ethology*, he concluded that flirting was a silent language of elaborate visual gestures; it's nature's solution to the problem every creature faces in a world full of potential mates -- how do I choose the one that's right for me? Eibl-Eibesfeldt discovered that people in dozens of cultures, from African primitives to sophisticated Cosmo-reading, red-bloodied American females, all use nonverbal clues that are strikingly similar.

A gorgeous Mexican BRUNETTE, with a curvy and voluptuous hourglass figure, sweeps past Guy's table, leaving a trail of rosy perfume in her wake.

Guy's eyes follow her derriere, as do Jim's.

GUY

Believe it or not, evolution can even explain why we can't take our eyes off of that...  
(off Jim's questioning look)  
...The waist-hip ratio is a great indicator of health.

When the beautiful Woman turns the corner, heading to the ladies' restroom, Guy glances back at Jim.

GUY

Hourglass-shaped women are more fertile than their slimmer-hipped counterparts, you see. And it works for women, too. For a woman, a man's chin is a good indicator of health. If you have a strong chin, which you do, by the way, it often means you have good genes.

Jim smiles at the compliment, then he checks out his reflection in a nearby mirror while Guy laughs at the immodest act. Guy catches the look.

GUY

See what I just did there?

Jim looks at Guy in confusion.

GUY

I just flattered you and it caused you to one, smile, and two, look at yourself in the mirror. That's how flirting works. Something I did made you feel better about yourself and caused a positive reaction in you. And, most importantly of all, made you more open to me.

Jim mulls the idea over for a moment, and then nods.

GUY

Personally, I think you should wear ties. They draw a woman's eyes up to your chin. But you need to start working out, it'd help you a lot.

JIM

Duly noted. But how do you go from these very cerebral concepts to actually picking someone up?

GUY

You observe.

Guy sweeps his right hand across the CROWD, at all of the single and available WOMEN in the room.

GUY

You're not married, are you?

JIM

Divorced.

GUY

You end it?



JIM

Both did.

GUY

Meaning she did.

JIM

"By mutual consent" is the official reason listed on the divorce papers.

GUY

Kids?

Jim shakes his head.

GUY

You probably dodged a bullet there. You seeing someone else?

JIM

Dating a little, but don't have a lot of time with work.

GUY

You should always make time for romance. It's foundational for a healthy life.

JIM

That's ironic coming from a pickup artist many claim encourages resentment, hatred, and violence towards women.

GUY

"Traditional masculinity," we like to call it. And that's why you're here, Jim, to clear up some of the misconceptions people have of my work.

Guy casually cases the joint, on the lookout for any female interest. soon, he catches a couple of WOMEN at the bar looking their way. They are SUJEAN OH -- petite Chinese woman in her early thirties, with a shapely figure revealed in a tight dress -- and ALICE MASON, a busty brunette, whose easy-going, inviting smile makes up for her average looks.

GUY

See that Asian woman over there?

Jim looks around and spots Sujean.

JIM

Yeah.

GUY

She just gave you "The gaze."

JIM

The what?

GUY

"The gaze" -- it's the first step in the six-step flirtation cycle -- gaze, approach, talk, turn, touch, synchronize. Get someone to notice you and you're half-way home.

Sujean looks over at Jim and catches him smiling at her. She is intrigued. They exchange several flirtatious glances, then, as if on cue, Sujean does an exaggerated raising of both of her eyebrows for a slight second. Guy catches it.

GUY

There it is, the "Eyebrow Flash", which, silently says, "I'm interested, come talk to me."

JIM

It does?

GUY

Trust me, you get that and you're halfway home -- or halfway to her bed.

Intrigued, Jim scribbles a few notes in his book.

GUY

And don't forget to always smile. It says, "I've noticed you and noticing you makes me smile." You want to meet her?

JIM

Of course.

GUY

Well, trust in me and my techniques and she's yours.

Guy rises and looks down at Jim as if to say get up.

GUY

Come on, you're going to pick her up.

JIM

What?

Guy grabs Jim's arm and pulls him to his feet.

GUY

Now, no discussion of work. No buying her a drink. And, most importantly of all, act like a man, not a cuck, okay?

JIM

Ah --

GUY

(cutting him off)

-- The inverse of that blubbering idiot you are right now.

A nervous Jim swallows hard and then nods while smiling meekly. Guy wraps an arm around his shoulder, pulls him towards Sujean.

GUY

Don't worry, you got this. Just remember, the three things women find irresistible in a man are confidence, confidence, confidence. And there's a fine line between projecting real confidence and projecting bullshit confidence, which they can sniff out in a heartbeat.

These words seems to resonate with Jim, who smiles contritely. He's trying to projecting confidence while insecurity nips at his heels.

GUY

Look, the worst thing that can happen is she rejects you. No harm, no foul. We observe for others, but she's given you an opening. A real man would take it. And don't worry, I'll be right behind you. Your opening line is...

CUT TO:

INT. CHASERS BAR - NIGHT

Sidling up to Sujean, Jim's eyes nervously flicker about as he delivers Guy's pick-up line:

JIM

Can I practice my pickup lines on you?

Jim stares at Sujean expectantly, desperately trying to hide his nervousness behind a flickering smile. After a few moments, Sujean laughs and smiles sweetly.